

VICTIMS OF THE VOLCANO.

BY THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN NOVELIST, D. L. MORDOVSEFF.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Cretilla, daughter of Zeno, the Greek sculptor, is sold as a lave in Pompeil, whither her father had some time before een sent into slavery. She is bought by Maivia, daughter of ne rich Diomed. Diomed has two sons, Quint and Curtius, who are secretly embraced Christianity. Quint loves Cratilla. Zeno as escaped and is hidden by his fellow-Christians. The sons of blomed attend a secret meeting of the Christians.

CHAPTER IV. The Christians.

stream of Kedron. The rising sun tinted the roof extinguished crater the underground fire is not altoof Solomon's Temple and the dented walls of the Holy City into a golden hue. Several pilgrims were work beneath the rocky coating." plodding along the road from Bethany, evidently bound for Jerusalem. Their dust-covered clothes evidenced that they had travelled a long distance. Nearer and nearer they came-and He was in their midst. We recognized Him at once. We had seen Him more than once before. And, besides, who would

The old man fell silent, lost in recollection. Death like silence reigned in the cave; only now and then some one's soft moans were heard.

have failed to recognize His divine, kind face?"

"Yes, He was there," went on the old man, with a melancholy smile upon his lips. "He was surrounded His pupils. We children loved Him. He always regarded us with such tender love! When they nad crossed the Kedron we left off our games and followed them at a distance. They entered the city gates. Many people were waiting for Him-paupers, sickly and other unfortunate people. There were also learned men and Pharisees there. He began to say something in His gentle, clear, sublime voice. children timidly came closer to Him; we felt like touching the corner of His cloak. We saw other people did it, and we decided to do the same. For guessed our intention, chased us away. He noticed it and said: 'Drive them not away from me; let them come.' And He looked as us with His kind, loving eyes. We drew nearer to Him. I led the children. Suddenly I felt His divine right hand upon my head. Great God! It seemed to me a certain heavenly power, a certain inexplicable bliss, filled my soulmy whole being! Fifty years have passed since then and I still see Him; I hear His heavenly voice. Yes, Yes. He is now with us here!"

All looked around with awe. Kurtsius pressed his prother's hand nervously, and Quint's hand was cold. "Yes, He is with us here!" repeated the old man "For He said: 'If two or three persons assemble in My name, I am in their midst.

The old man paused for a while and continued: "Then I saw Him again-on the cross. The sun was setting. Cries, sons, moans were heard everywhere. And I kept staring at Him from afar. I saw His face-He was still alive. The sunbeams fell on His pale face, and the dark shadows began to gather rapidly. The crowd shuddered, because the mountain where He was dying shuddered; the walls of Jerusalem shuddered. I felt that the earth underneath

The old man rose to his feet; his face turned pale.

ENGINEER'S WIFE.

"What's this?" said he, terror-stricken. "The earth a slave is our property. And this cruel law trans-shaking again!" s shaking again!" And indeed the wan's of the cave seemed to snake. The rocks stirred perceptibly,

"Yes; the whole mountain is shaking!" cried some one with fright. "Do you hear the rattling noise? Something is

rocking and boiling underneath." "Yes; there is something unusual with Vesuvius," H, how well I remember that great day!" said remarked the older of the Diomeds. "Plinius told me 4.4 H, how well I remember that great day!" said the old man in a tremulous voice. "We, the —and Plinius is well informed in the mysteries of children of Jerusalem, were playing by the nature—Plinius told me that though Vesuvius is an children of Jerusalem, were playing by the nature-Plinius told me that though Vesuvius is an

> gether dead, and a hidden flame is constantly a Everybody hastened toward the ex.t, and soon they

all disappeared in the darkness. "Zeno, I think." Some one's voice was heard.

"Yes, Cardo," replied another voice. "Come to my hut meanwhile-Vesuvius is restless. "And where is Carditta?"

"She is there already. They fell silent. The Diomeds, who heard this, topped short.

"Have you heard that Cardo called some one by the name of Zeno?" asked Kurtsius.
"I have. That's a Greek name," replied his brother.

"If I remember rightly, our new slave girl, the oung Cratilla, said that her father's name was Zeno. and that he disappeared from his master's workshop after he had made that beautiful statue of the 'Dy ing Gladiator.

"Yes, and the statue bears the inscription 'Zeno I read it myself," remarked Quint. "Strange!" said Kurtsius after awhile. "In the cave

noticed a striking face. Perhaps you have also noticed it. The man sat in a corner, peside the sheperd's sister. His head was perfectly white, like marble-not a single dark hair- and his beard was we loved Him so much! But some of His pupils, who golden red. I was struck by the resemblance between him and Cratilla-is he not perhaps her father?" "Maybe. We'll try to find it out."

"Yes, we must."

"But meanwhile we must not say a word about itnot even to Cratilla-remember!' When the brothers returned home it was past mid

CHAPTER V.

A Pompeilan Banquet.

· HE magnificent mansion of the edile of Pompeii was beautifully decorated in honor of the representative nobility that were asembled to dine there. During the dinner Malvia asked, adjusting her hair

oquettishly: When will the noble Pausa show his splendid African lions in the arena of the amphitheatre?"

'Meanwhile there are no criminals, Oh, beautiful Malvia, but the law prohibits the killing of any one not convicted by the Senate.'

"What a cruel law," said Diomed's daughter sulkily. "And I like this law," remarked her neighbor, the cynic. "When I see a lion tearing a man to pieces I lose my appetife-meat becomes repulsive to me." "But the law should permit us to do with our slaves whatever we please," said Marc Tullius in his turn.

"As for me," said the cynic, "a good dinner is the best arena for a man." But Pausa began to calm his guests, telling them that in spite of the merciless law he hoped to satisfy the noblest instincts of the citizens of Pompeli by the spectacle which he was preparing for them. He promised them that the necessary criminals would." paring for them. He promised them that the necessary criminals would be found; he told them that h had already lighted upon the traces of a crimeterrible crime committed by a certain group of people parently interested in the story. mocking at the laws of God and men.

"That's more than I can tell you," said the edile, have reported to me."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed one of the guests, "I know of the sect the noble edile refers to. In Judea I learned of the mysterious and touching history of a wonderful man who performed inexplicable miracles. With a single touch of his fingers he restored sight to the blind, cured lepers, restored the dead to life again; he walked over the sea as if it were solid ground

"But why have the Judeans styled the followers of face in her hands, his teachings 'the god-eaters?' "asked the cynic, ap"Do not call me

"Because at his last supper he handed over the bread

AT THE EDILE'S BANQUET.



"WE SHALL THROW THEM TO MY LIONS!" REMARKED PAUSA.

"By Vulcan! that is a dangerous set of people," he and wine to his pupils and told them to remember that Neither Quint nor Cratilla noticed that a woman

these monsters?' "They are followers of a certain Judean sect, but sands of them in the Eternal City." the Judeans themselves despise them," replied Pausa. "What sect is that?"

"The Judeans call this sect the 'God-eaters.' " "How is it possible to eat a god of marble or of

said. "It is strange how the gods will bear them on it was his flesh and blood-which he sacrified for the was at this moment passing through the gallery. earth. Like wild beasts they hide in caves, they sake of saving mankind. But they say that he rose stopped for an instant at the door leading into Malignore our gods, they shun our temples." from his grave and ascended into heaven. Since then young Greek girl, she muttered with concealed malice; was to saving manalial. But they say that he loss stopped for an instant at the door leading into Malicone our gods, they shun our temples."

"Eternal gods!" exclaimed Diomed's wife, "who are use monsters?"

year, and I was told in Rome that there were thought. Since then young Greek girl, she muttered with concealed malice; "Ah! So that's the kind of a man he is! And she?

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Malvia, beaming with "The secret is not mine, child. I cannot reveal it

"Bravo! bravo!" re-echoed the guests.

CHAPTER VI.

A Man and a Maid. HEN Malvia had gone away to the edile's ban-quet, Cratilla remained in her mistress's chamber to bring everything in order. quet. Cratilla remained in her mistress's chamber

to bring everything in order. Cratilla pressed her head to the old marble of the statuette and wept disconsolately. For her tears she did not notice the tall, athletic figure of the older son since Zeno was to pass the night in their hut. He of Diomed, who now stood before her in Malvia's room.

Slowly advancing toward her Quint gently placed his turning from the mysterious cave. hand upon the head of the weeping girl. Cratilla shuddered and looked up. over her and kissing her on the "Fear not, poor child." said the young stole mildly. compose yourself, my child."

"I did not mean to frighten you; forgive me."
"Oh, good master." whispered the girl, hiding her

"Do not call me master, dear girl; call me simply Quint," said the young stoic, "What are you weeping for, poor child? Perhaps my sister has offended you?" Saying this he stroked her golden hair

"Yes? Was my sister rude to you?" "Oh, no, good" -- She did not finish the sentence. and kept weeping.

"What, then, are you weeping for?" "My father! My poor father! He was here-this is

"Yes, yes," said Quint, "I heard this yesterday.

Are you sure that it is his work?" "Pis, his! good master-good Quint," said the girl

"You say his name is Zeno?" "Yes, here it is-Zeno fecit." Cratilla pressed er lips to the inscription. "And he made it in the shop of Sculptor Ruphus?"

asked Quint. "Yes-Ruphus himself said it yesterday Quint seemed lost in thought for a while.
"Do you remember him well?" he asked after a brief

"Certainly. I remember him as though I saw him

"Wait, poor child-compose yourself. Is his head

"Yes, as white as sliver-as marble." "ls his beard long?

"Yes, his beard is long."

'Is it golden, like your own hair?" "Yes-just like my braid."

Suddenly Cratilla gave a start. For a moment joy flashed in her eyes.

"How do you know all this?" she asked quickly Have you seen him? . . . Oh, great Isis! Or have you learned these details from Ruphus?" she queried "Wait, don't be excited, poor child. I think I have

seen him myself." "You have seen him! Oh, gods! Where? When?

And the girl seized his hand and began to kiss it.

'Where? When, my good Quint?"
"No, no! Don't kiss my hands! I must kiss your pure, childish little hands." And Quint pressed her thin, cold little fingers to his lips and then kissed her

Oh. gods!" And she disappeared.

sands of them in the Eternal City."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

We shall throw them to my lions."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

"In the name of the gods I implore you to 'cell me was a prearranged schools."

to you." rapiled Quint. "But I am his daughter! His secret is my With his secret in my heart I would die rather

betray him." "I believe you, my child; but I must ask him first, must first find out whether he is really your father and whether he wishes you to know his place of

shelter." "Do you know where it is?"

"No-I met him-and that was all."

"I dare not tell you where, my child, but I saw "Oh. gods! Oh. Isis!" whispered the girl, clinging to the young stoic's hand. "Take me to my father, O Quint!"

"I cannot, child. I must ask him first."

"When will you ask him?" "I do not know it myself, dear Cratilla, for I know

not where he is."
"But wno does know where he is?"

"Very well, I'll find it out," said he at last, leaning over her and kissing her on the head. "But you must

tle was about to go out, when he noticed before him woman who had passed through the gallery a

few minutes ago. Oh, Sinistra?" said Quint, apparently displeased.

"Yes, sir. Forgive me. It seems to me I have disturbed you." replied Sinistra. "Not at all-not at all. You had better help Cratilla

put my sister's room in order. Cratilla is not yet acquainted with Malvia's ways,"

Sinistra was Diomed's and Malvia's favorite. She was the main cause of the striking change in Maivia's character and behavior, which made her repulsive in the eyes of her brothers and of Plinius. Spoiled as a child, Sinistra recognized no moral obligations, and taught her young mistress that honor, compassion, magnanimity, self-denial and gratitude were but slavish fetters for her free soul; and the young girl soon flung her noblest feelings

Having conquered the heart of old Diomed with ner beauty, Sinistra yearned to gain the love of Quint, whose gigantic figure reminded her of the mighty god of her people-the seamen. But Quint declined her advances and caresses gently but coldly,

Thus when she saw Quint kissing Cratilla on the head so tenderly a passionate desire to ruin the young Greek girl began to seethe within her heart. she passed through the gallery she overheard fragments from Quint's conversation with Cratilla. Then she hid herself behind the nearest pillar and heard the conversation to the end. Quint promised to find the Greek girl's father. She must keep an eye on Quint and Cratula, she resolved.

"I shall help the inexperienced girl to tidy up the om of our kind mistress, may the gods protect her!" replied Sinistra obediently when Quint asked her to help Cratilla. "I showed her yesterday and to-day how to do certain things."

Crattila walked out, casting a loving glance at the "Dying Gladlator." Soon Sinistra also left the room and entered the garden. In the distance she saw Quint directing his steps toward Mount Vesuvius. His red cap flashed through the vine branches and

the olive trees. Sinistra hastily threw a mantle over her sho and, veiling her face, she walked out of the house. "Whither is he going?" she kept asking herself as

she followed him at a little distance, Suddenly she stopped short, dumfounded by the

thought which flashed through her mind. "Great gods! Quint must have known her before Does he not know her father? That is why they were kissing so sweetly. And yesterday-what a diswere kissing so sweetly. And yes-war are upon grace—Diomed's son carried that marble slave upon grace—Diomed's son carried that girl! By the Furies, that his head just to help that girl! By the Fu

was a prearranged scheme! Well, we shall see what morrow will be my holiday-the holiday of Nemesia!" (To Be Continued.)

BRIGHTON BEACH.

From MANHATTAN (Park Row)—Take Surface cars reading "Brighton Beach" via Fietbush ave, or Manhattan Beach Elevated Electric Trains, changing at Kings Highway to Trollay Cars, or by Ferry from Forty-second, Twenty-third, Grand or Roose-vek St. to Broadway, Brooklya, connecting with "Brightn Beach" Surface Cars. From ConEy ISLAND—See View Trolley Care leave Culver Depot on frequent headway, MUSIC on Hotel Veranda by BROOKLYN MARINE BAND atternoons and avenings.

Matuce and Evening Vaudeville Entertainment daily in Music Hall.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

Prom MANHATTAN (Park Row)—Electric Blevated Trains on frequent headway from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. and 7.20 P. M. to 12.20 A. M. daily except Saturday. Sunday service from 8.10 A. M. to midnight. Saturdays. 10 A. M. to 11.40 A. M. and 7.20 P. M. to 12.20 A. M. At other hours these trains will depart from Brooklyn terminal of Bridge. (See printed time-tables) or Take Brighton Beach Surface Cars of Flatbush and Nostrand Ave. Lines, changing to Electric Trains at Kings Highway.

Prom SEA GATE and CONEY ISLAND—Surfave. Trolley Cars direct.

CONEY ISLAND.

Frequent Trolley service from Park Row, Man-hattan, and principal Ferries. Gibbral Transfer System places all resorts on the System within reach of all sections of Brooklyn.)

BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT.

THIS YEAR'S
NOVELTY A
SERIES OF VIVAND REALISTIC SCENES
FROM LIPE ON
THE PLANTS OF
MEXICO.
A band of native
riders from the
mountain slapes
of the Sister Republic. Lassoing
wild steers. Daving feats of hormman as h ip. A.
tounding tricks

WILL OPEN THURSDAY, JUNE 19.

FREE EXCURSION.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER ADVISES HUSBANDS AND WIVES

He Works and Sleeps Only.

Do you think it any harm or wrong done to my husband for me to visit my mother every week and stay two or three days? I take my children with me. I feel so lonesome at home, as my husband is always asleep in the daytime, although he gets up 6 o'clock in the morning and only works five hours a day. But still he is always sleeping. But he does not want me to visit my mother, and when I have my lady friends come here he tells them all the finds with my mother and me.

I think your husband should wake up to a sense of the duty of companion ship which he owes his wife and children. He should not allow the Second avenue engines to draw all his energy away from his home. A sufficient amount of sleep is necessary for him, and during his resting hours you should try to keep the house quiet and permit him to sleep undisturbed. But there should be some part of the day or evening when he is at home wide awake. He should then do his part in making home the happier by his presence and endeavor to prove that being a good engineer does not prevent him from being also a good husband and father. I think you are wrong in spend ing so much of your time at your moth er's. Your husband's objections are natural ones. There must surely be some household duties left neglected by your absence, and I cannot understand how the tired engineer's meals are pre pared and served when you are away two or three days." If you have home and children and 'yet feel lonesome," you should look around for a graver cause than a sleepy-headed I advise both you and your husband to turn over a new leaf. Le rest alternate with work in the right

duties. Whether working or sleeping AN EXQUISITE TRAMP.

proportion, but do not neglect knows

His clothes and general appearance be tokened the professional tramp, but his voice was well modulated and his language was above reproach, says the Philadelphia Record. He knocked at the kitchen door of a Mount Airy residence yesterday and asked the colored cook if she would seil him a cup of coffee. The family had just finished breakfast and the mistress of the house was in the kitchen giving her orders for the day Rather surprised at the man's request, she said: "Why should we sell you a cup of coffee? If you want it you are welcome to it." "Thank you, madam; thank you," he said. "When I have the price do not like to beg."

In the mean time the cook had poure out a cup of coffee, and before the tramp could remonstrate she had she handed to him, but he waved in away. "Pardon me," he said, "but don't take it that way. I always drink cafe noir." "Deed, we ain't got none. said the cook, greatly impressed. But

Two years ago my husband was and sometimes it is not much. We have were to leave him his last restraining cheated out of all the money we had one dear little girl, four and one-half influence would be gone. A fearful

home's harmony.

you can fill the house with kind affect He has a very good position, but he ready when it is time for him, but he tion and the agreement which makes a runs up a bill in saloons through the never comes to it. Please advise me. month, and when pay day comes he will Orink Is the Ruin of Happiness.

go and pay that bill before he comes Your husband is weak raher than wilhome and I have to take what is left, fully wicked. If you and the little girl

saved up, and that has driven him to drink. He commenced to come home intoxicated once in almost every three months; but now it is about once in that time that he comes home sober.

one dear little girl, four and one-half years old, and he thinks the world of her, and before he leaves us in the morning he will kiss us both good-by wrecking the manhood of one who and promise to come home early from that time that he comes home sober.

INEXPENSIVE GOWNS FOR RACES.



Empire wrap of black taffetas souple, discreetly relieved by black ribbon vel vet, and bearing a capuchin of cream lace ruched in quaintest fashion all round with the silk. Hat of coarse basket straw, topped by a broad line of emerald green chip, the one side inclosed by a complete wreath of pink roses.

dropped a couple of lumps of sugar in if, and had put in some cream. This she handed to him, but he waved it . Gown of pale-blue voile, trimmed with soft yellow lace, with sash of black bordered chine ribbon, the black note finding tasteful repetition in a black tulie bow on the corsage, and in a lovely black magradore feather, which is the piece de

the foot," "Deed, we ain't got none,"

I the cook, greatly impressed. But mistress of the house, equally imposed, saw to it that the fellow got cafe nels,

on the corsage, and in a lovely black magradore teather, which is the piece de resistance of an almost gold-colored stitched fine straw hat.

For the invariable cold day here is a chic biscuit cloth costume, worn with a lace bodice of like tint, and completed by the latest Parisian fancy—a pelerine, whereon a coarser lace is introduced, picked out with tiny motifs of chine silk, and a fine gold cord.

change your home into some other neighborhood the change would be good for your husband. It might draw him m old drinking companions and induce him to make a new start. If the good business position he has would not be affected by a removal to another street. I advise you to think of this seriously. And, whatever else you do, try to make him feel that your love is always ready to help him up when he falls.

DEPEW'S BLUES. Senator Chauncey M. Depew has con essed to a newspaper reporter that he suffers horribly from the blues, and the Philadelphia Record is unkind enough to insinuate that it is due to his effort to consider himself a wit and humorist This reminds one of a story told by Senator Landis. Never mind what the story was. It has nothing to do with the case. After it was told somebody sald: "Is that one of Depew's?" "Not

DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.



To cut this skirt in the medium size to cut in size for the pattern (4.14), is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashler, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

The pattern (4.14), is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashler, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

TERRACE GARDEN, 58th a 59th 81s., New To, St. 2 10.

TERRACE GARDEN, 58th a 59th 81s., New To, St. 2 10.

TO, TO, TO, TO, St. 4 20 ave.

TO, TO, TO, TO, No. 10.

TERRACE GARDEN, 58th a 59th 81s., New To, St. 2 10.

TO, TO, TO, TO, No. 10.

TO, TO, TO, No. 10.

WALLACK'S RICE'S SHOW GIRL, World, a 8st.

EVEN SON'S CONTINUOUS.

Son's ONLY AND Others.

TO, TO, TO, No. 10.

Well, a 8st.

TO, TO, No. 10.

Well, a 8st.

TO, TO, No. 10.

Well, a 8st.

TO, TO, No. 10.

TO, TO, No. 10.

TO, TO, No. 10.

Well, a 8st.

TO, TO, No. 10.

No. 10.

TO, TO, No. 10.

TO, TO,

Miticura

REMEDIES

The Set, price \$1.00, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, CUTICURA OINT-MENT, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RE-SOLVENT PILLS, to cool the blood, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, brated liquid Cuticula Resolvent as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. Each pill is equivalent to one teaspoonful of liquid Resolvent. Put up in screw-capped porket vials, containing 60 doses, price 25c. Cuticura Pills are alterative, anti-scoptic, tonic, and digestive, and beyond question the purest, sweetest, most successful and scopning and as kin purifiers, humour cures, and tonic-digestives yet compounded.

Covicus a Restores are seld throughout the world. Sole, 25c., Devember, Sol. Fills, Ec. British Deposit 25c., Fills, Ec. Bri

MALARIAL NEW YORK.

The subway is responsible for the prev The subway is responsible for the prevalence of malaria at this time. Stagnant pools of water lie unmolested in the excavations, poisoning the atmosphere. As a safeguard and cure take Dr. Decker's Shake No More two or three times a day. Fifty No More two or three times a day. Fifty cents, at all druggists. It cures.

Amusements.

AFT SHANNON'S REUT BAND EVO YORK TO JULY SUBJECT BAND EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

NEW YORK TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CONCERT.

POPULAR CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CHAPERONS.

TO JULY SUBJECT CHAPERONS.

EXTRA! BURGAY NIEBI, POPULAR CHA

HAMMERSTEIN'S Combined Roofs of Victoria & Republic Theatres.

42d st. Busy Eves 20 International Vaudeville Celebrities.

EXTRA! Sunday Night, POPULAR CONCERT.

Three Retail Branches To our wholesale business in DIA-MONDS, WATCHES and JEWELRY,



MOVEMENT. and a gold-filled silk fob; the VERY

Cash or credit; no extra charge. You don't need the cash, but take advantage NEW CREDIT SYSTEM.

L. W. SWEET & CO. LEADING CREDIT JEWELLERS,
39 MAIDEN LANE.
Uptown Braach:
278 FIXTH AVE. OVER WOOLWORTH'S.
Brooklyn Branch:
467 FULTON ST. (Opposite Matthews.)
Direct all Correspondence to 37 Maiden Lane

Amusements. PROCTOR'S Big Comedy and Vaudeville. IDEAL SUMMER VAUDEVILLE. 25 solendid teatures CONTINUOUS
The Nominee. Big Stock & Vandeville 10 Great Acts. Continuous. "The Descon's Daughter," Favority
Stock, Daily Souv. Mats for the Ladie

CASINO B'way & 39th st. Evgs., 8.15. A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

HERALD SQ. THEATRE. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.15 LULU GLASER The Reigning DOLLY VARDEN. AMERICAN ROOF GARDEN, 424, near B'way.

Opens Mon., June 23.

Ted Marks' Varieties. ALL SEATS. Soc.

Ted Marks' Varieties. Refresh ta at Pop. Prices.

Ted Marks' Cartesh ta at Pop. Prices.

Ted Marks' Varieties. Refresh ta at Pop. Prices.

Ted Marks' Varieties. Refresh ta at Pop. Prices.

Ted Marks' Varieties. Refresh ta at Pop. Prices.

Morello Bros., Kine & Gotthold, the Hiltons, the Harpers, Irene Elison, Eschert's Lady Orchestra. KEITH'S B'way BEST SHOW IN TOWN. And 30—GREAT ACTS—30 14th st PRICES. 25c. and 50c. The CITY Control of the City E STAR LEX. AVE. & 107TH ST MAT. WED. Opera Co. in

Brooklyn Amusements. BRIGHTON BEACH MUSIC

MANHATTAN BEACH

The World's Uptown Office (Formerly at 36th St. & Broadway)

Is Now Located at

Bet. 37th and 38th Streets